

OUR HOME CIRCLE.

PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

The pathways of Thy land are little changed. Since Thou wert there: The busy world through other ways has ranged. And left these bare. The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep of Olivet. Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep. Men tread it yet. Still to the garden o'er the brook it leads. Quiet and low; Before his sheep the shepherd on it treads, His voice they know. The willow flings its shadow o'er it still. As once o'er thee; Peasants go home at evening o'er that hill To Bethany. These ways were strewed with garments once, and pain Which we tread thus; Here through Thy triumph, on Thy pass-est calm, On to Thy Cross. The waves have washed fresh sands upon the shore. Of Galilee; But chiselled in the hillsides evermore Thy paths we see. Man has not changed them in that slumbering land. Nor time effaced; Where Thy feet tread to bless, we still may stand; All can be traced. Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps, far Truer than these; Where'er the poor and tried and suffering are Thy steps faith sees. Nor with fond, sad regrets Thy steps we trace. Thou art not dead; Our path is onward, till we see Thy face, And hear Thy tread! And now where'er Thou lowest hand In prayer and prayer, There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land, Thou—Thou art there! And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them, From Nazareth to height, The white walls of Jerusalem Burst on our sight.

THE MAN WHO SWALLOWED A HOUSE.

"No; you have not guessed it all. He did not drink it in draughts of liquor. He was a good, temperate, hard-working man, and had a nice, industrious wife; but the great trouble with them was that they lived tight. They were neighbors of ours, and kind, pleasant fellows; they were too. I went into their kitchen one day, and found Mrs. King heating eggs, and stuffing flour, and weighing sugar, as if her life depended on it."

"Have a chair here in the kitchen," she said, when she opened the door in response to my rap. "I must get this cake into the oven before I get my toast ready. Mr. King will have cake and pie every day. I am making a capital cake to-day."

I picked up her cook-book and read the recipe: "Fourteen eggs, two cups butter, four cups sugar, eight cups flour, two cups sour cream, two tea-spoons soda cover with icing." I asked her if she expected company. She said no, that Mr. King did not like plain cakes, but was fond of very rich food. I thought to myself, "Well, that is a pretty costly cake just for every day use, when eggs were 35 cents a dozen, and good butter from 45 to 60 cents a pound." The roast that I saw lying on the table could not have cost less than a dollar, and I remembered with satisfaction the piece of beef I had put on to boil before I left my kitchen, and for which I had paid only 20 cents. Our families were just the same size, each had three children. A colored man in the neighborhood, who was fattening two pigs, used to carry slop from her kitchen and from mine. I never put any bread, pie, or cake, or any cold victuals into my slop-pail, but kept them on a plate, and handed them to him for his children when I wished to spare them. She, on the contrary put everything from the table into the slop-pail until he said to her one day:

"Missus King, you is mighty kind, indeed, to give me sich nice slop for my pigs; but if you jes' would not frow them taters and cold biscuits and pieces of pie in de ole bucket, an' would save them by themselves, I'd be powerful glad to carry 'em to my little children."

She promised to save them clean, and he brought a tin pail to gather the scraps, and nearly every day he carried food enough from her waste to feed four little children. I was glad the hungry children got it, but I felt sorry to see Mrs. King waste so much good food. Her husband and mine made about the same amount of money. He had bought a lot and built a house of eight rooms, which he had mortgaged. We were able to keep a horse and carriage. They never even hired one for an afternoon. We lived in a better house. We all dressed

much better than they did. He had no bad habits, not even smoking; but when our grocery bill would amount to three or five dollars a week, theirs would be from seven to twelve dollars. When our meat bill would not exceed two and a half or three dollars theirs would seldom be less than five or six. We were talking about it one day, and she said:

"Your husband does not need such hearty food as mine. He is a professional man, his habits are more sedentary. Mr. King works at hard labor all the time."

"I should think," said I, "that Mr. King would do better on plain food even though he is a hard working man; and I am sure your children suffer from such a diet."

But she was not convinced, of course, for the chief end of her life was to please Mr. King in her cooking, and she succeeded admirably. A few weeks after our conversation he was prostrated with inflammation of the stomach and bowels; for some time his physician despaired of his life, but he recovered, and I was glad to be able to prepare some tempting but harmless dishes to carry to him when his appetite began to return. As soon as he was able to resume work they returned to their old manner of living.

Before we left the neighborhood we were distressed to learn that he was unable to lift the mortgage from his home, and was obliged to give it up and rent a small cottage in the suburbs of the city. I said to my husband when we saw their furniture moved out of their home:

"They have actually eaten up their house and lot; a little sum off of each week's expenses, if saved, would have saved their home."

"Perhaps it will teach them to be less given to appetite in the future," he replied. But as long as I knew them there was no change in their manner of living. They could not afford to take a Church paper; had no books; often would borrow from our well-filled library, and read our papers.—Western Adc.

TRUE MARRIAGE.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strike a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true marriage, what the most priceless happiness, take life through, which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the neher development which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter in it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed stand-by. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of unhappiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with—only the blindest sentimentalist will deny that. On the other hand, however—and this is not mere sentiment, but sober fact—of all the evidences of God's goodness to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that he cares for us, not only with the wisdom of a Creator, but with the interest and love of a Father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go out of their childhood's home a relation in which each two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand and heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more widely perhaps than any other happiness.—Sunday Afternoon.

PHANTOM LIGHTS AT SEA.

A Fulton Market fish dealer gives the following explanation of some of the strange lights, phantom vessels, and other mysterious appearances that puzzle seamen: "Two years ago I went menha-

den fishing, and one day as we were going up the Sound one of the hands said he hoped we were not going off the Point, meaning Montauk. I asked him why. He seemed kind of offish, but at last let out that he had seen ships sailing about in the dead of night in a dead calm. I laughed at him, but two nights later we came to anchor at Gardiner's Bay, and as it was a hot night we stretched out on deck. In the middle of the night I was awakened by some one giving me a tremendous jerk, and when I found myself on my feet my mate, shaking like a leaf, was pointing over the rail. I looked, and sure enough, there was a big schooner about an eighth of a mile away, bearing down on us. There wasn't a breath of wind in the bay, but on she came at a ten-knot rate, headed right for us. "Sing out to the skipper," I said. "It's no use," said my mate, hanging on to me. "It's no vessel." But there she was, within a hundred yards of us. Shaking him off, I swung into the rigging and yelled "Schooner ahoy!" and shouted to her to bear away, but in a second the white sails were right aboard of us. I yelled to the hands, and made ready to jump, when, like a flash, she disappeared, and the skipper came on deck with all hands and wanted to know if we had the jimjams. I'd have sworn that I had seen the Flying Dutchman but for one thing. We saw the same thing about a week afterward. The light passed around us and went up the bay. I got out the men and seim and followed in the path of the phantom schooner, and as sure as you are alive, we made the biggest single haul of menhaden on record. The light, to my mind, was nothing more or less than the phosphorescence that hovered over the big shoal. The oil from so many millions of fish moving along was enough to produce a light; but you will find men all along the shores of Long Island that believe there is a regular phantom craft that comes in on an oil-sort of easter in the spirit trade. I saw an account of something like this in the Portland papers some time after, and they thought it was very remarkable; but wherever you find menhaden you may look out for queer lights on the water.—Scientific American.

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PRAY WITH YOUR CHILDREN.

The friend of a young mother was talking with her about her maternal responsibilities, and urged the duty of constant and believing prayer for the early conversion of her children. She assured him that it was her daily practice to carry her little ones to the throne of grace, yet complained of a want of faith and definiteness in asking for them the special influences of the Holy Spirit.

THE CRAVAT.

An English trade journal gives this account of the early days of the cravat: "In 1636 a foreign regiment arrived in Paris, in the dress of which one characteristic was much admired by the people—a neck wrapper or scarf of muslin or silk for the officers, of common stuff for the men, alike tied in a bow with pendant ends, and used by them, it is said, to support an amulet worn as a charm against sword-cuts. Parisians speedily adopted the novelty, styling them first Croats, from the nationality of the regiment, and afterward cravat. The rich then used embroidered and richly-laced cravats, such as we find shortly afterward used by Charles II., who is charged £20 12s. in the last year of his reign for a new cravat to be worn on the birthday of his dear brother." James II. paid £36 10s. for a cravat of Venice lace to wear on the day of his coronation. Toward the end of the last century the cravat was revived and worn of such extravagant size that whole pieces of muslin were sometimes used, and even shoulder cushions, over which folds of stuff were draped, so that it was as impossible for a man to turn his head without wheeling bodily round as for an early coach to turn within its own length."

A LITTLE BIRD LED ME.

Under the cool shade of the oak-trees, Thomas, the wood-cutter, and his grandson Joe, had been eating their lunch. Carefully gathering the crumbs, the old man threw them far out on the grass, and then both waited till first one bird, then another, hopped down for their share of the feast. "It was a little bird like that that showed me the way to God, Joe. I'll tell you about

sire as she poured forth her supplication to the Hearer and Answerer of prayer? When the mother and child rose from their knees, Willie's face was like a rainbow smiling through tears. "Mamma, mamma," said he, "I am glad you told Jesus my name. Now He'll know me when I get to heaven; and when the kind angels that carry little children to the Saviour take me and lay me in His arms, Jesus will look at me so pleasant and say, 'Why this is Willie H. His mother told me about him. How happy I am to see you, Willie! Won't that be nice, mamma?'"

Mrs. H. never forgot that scene, and when she was permitted to see not only her dear Willie and Sarah, but the children afterwards added to her family circle, each successively consecrating the dew of their youth to God, she did indeed feel that her friend's plan was the more excellent way. So she resolved to recommend it to the praying mothers by telling them this touching incident. When they meet their children at the last great day, may Jesus own as His those whom they have told him about on earth!—Rev. D. Nash, in Zion's Herald.

WRITE THEM A LETTER TO-NIGHT.

The Church of the Strangers, New York, is called "The Men's Church," because of the unusually large number of men attending. Very many are young men from a distance. At an evening service, on a recent week-day, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Deems, read the following stanza, of which many who heard then requested the reproduction. *Christian Worker.*

GIRLHOOD.

If the following words, addressed to "Rosebud in Society," by Louis Chandler Moulton, in *Our Continent*, were heeded, how many happier households there would be in the land. She says: "To be fresh and as yet un-gathered rosebud is for a girl to be, if she will, a power for good—a sweetness and a delight to every beholder. But—

WHERE IS YOUR LANTERN.

Young Harry was sent on an errand one evening in early winter. After giving him his message, his mother said, "Be sure you take the lantern with you, Harry."

REWARDED.

A short time ago the *Courier* published an account of the flagging of a passenger train on the Southern division of the Louisville and Nashville, near Dawson, Hopkins County, Ky., by a little boy twelve years of age, named John T. Branson, who had discovered a tree that had blown across the track. The night was dark, and the little fellow, while walking down on the track on the way home, came across the tree. He knew a passenger train was due in a short time, and with a rare presence of mind he gathered some wood and built a fire, and when the train approached he boldly stationed himself on the track and flagged the train with a burning brand, thus saving the train and probably many lives. The railway company have been very grateful to the little fellow, and they determined to reward him for the services rendered. On yesterday he was brought to this city, and given a handsome suit of clothes and quite a sum of money. He said he would give the whole amount to his father, who, it has been ascertained, is not blessed with an abundance of this world's goods. The little fellow was given to understand that he was a privileged personage, and could travel over the road at his will. The action of the company is commendable, and will be heartily approved by the citizens.—*Evansville Cour.*

THE SADDEST MISTAKE IS COMMITTED.

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it. I was a grown man, with a wife and little children—your mother was the baby then—before I ever thought much of God, or my duty to him. It was one night, while I sat in the door-way resting, I heard your grandmother singing, as she rocked her baby to sleep.

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the waters near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

It set me to thinking of my sins, of death, of meeting God, and for days my heart was full of fear. I was coming through the woods one night when a great storm came on; the wind blew, the trees crashed, the rain came in gusts, and it was all I could do to keep my feet. At every flash of lightning my heart trembled for fear I might be called to meet my God. Then I saw a bird flying around with pitiful cry. On a low branch was an empty nest, torn and drenched; on the ground were her crushed eggs. There seemed no refuge for her from the blinding storm, till, by a flash of light, I saw her dart under a great rock which was near, and I knew she was safe. Then the words of the song came back to me, and I prayed aloud, as I hurried through the storm and rain,

Jesus, Lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the waters near me roll, While the tempest still is high.

And he heard me, Joe; and, through Him who said, "I am the way," I am not afraid to meet my God. So you see it was a little bird that led me to the Lord."—*N. W. Christian Adc.*

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MAKING THE MOST OF HOME.

To our notion, the fundamental maxim of a thoroughly happy home—from the human side—is that nothing which can be afforded there for "company" is too good for its normal and constant members. That (Noah) Websterian adage: "Get the best," should be the rule of its habitual life. By this we do not mean to eat roast turkey and plum-pudding should be served for dinner at all ordinary times, and hash be offered to guests on state occasions; but that under the guidance of common sense, each member of the household be made to feel that the great thing there aimed at is to make home habitually happy; and that if "scrumping" must be done anywhere, and as to anything, it must not be done so as to work to the habitual disadvantage of the daily life, and of the average household experience.

How many country houses have we seen which, fair and goodly in their two-storied stanchness, never have a window-blind opened or a shutter unfastened on the side where lies the finest view and where lurks the sweetest winter sunshine—except on the occasion of a wedding, or a funeral or a "party;" while the whole family seem to be lodged, fed and generally cared for in some small "L part," in which kitchen, pantry and scullery are huddled together, and where the "work" is easiest done; but where are few attentions for any sense other than those which are offered in its thrice daily appeal to the general hungry. The chimney of the "best room" gets so foul from the absence of the family fire, and the presence of the chimney swallows, that it is next to impossible to make it draw; the spare chambers get so damp from a dust that it is as much as a guest's life is worth, sometimes, to sleep in one of them. To be sure it is less trouble to take care of these shut-up apartments, and all carpets fade less speedily when out of sunlight. But for all that, economies of this sort, which tend to make home less homelike and dear to the members of the household, are spent thrifty and cannot be afforded. Some people manage to live otherwise and spend scarcely more in so doing. Move into your own home, friend. Open its best window wide to the wholesome sun. Put your favorite chair, where it can command the best view by day, and wheel easily into the sunniest corner by night. Your best is none too fine for you yourself and your children and their dear mother; and if it should cost a little more, which is not self-evident; as the man said when his landlady told him the butter he was indulging in rather freely cost forty cents a pound—it is "worth it!"—*Congregationalist.*

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THE SUN

WATCHFUL

Ver 24, 25.—of this discount be considered application—then tion, and then of Christ. "T to judge the J ed in the stro Old Testame style the sun, sent states, nobles; and ting of them, this, numero Isaiab, Jerem when the la predicts the la addresses. Pi put the out, a her light, and will I make d xxxii. 7, 8). Christ rises phets; not moon dark from heaven lesser lights, of the hegg cludes all 'the great These shall very orbis; all the ord Jewish stat luminares, forevor cas And so it is day, which of the s and terrible tribes; ju rulers have 'darkness' state which with the 'ous orders Not fewer the Jewish siege of Je But that restricted Jewish na use of the alyps, wh to the sec the day of viii. 12 et Ver 25, the vial, shall be in second wor tion of all ing on th ir. 16; 2 great is t when we the babe sorrow, t ter. etc. Ver 25 here use compari He refer coming He con vision of which is refers to Respect Aseem H very c which t asured delayed with a truth "Heav as we words Ver again own and h indica might coun could but a reveal revel This does one i xxiv, perp Son' shou even not ty in as kno true Sav stor Rec and mu best the ma fee vie thi wh ex th is " be ga to d- u m w L is l, c v